

THE BRIG SPARK

THE BRIG SPARK, a Baltimore vessel, in part by J. L. Smith and Thomas Berry, and commanded by Capt. James Adams, on her way from New York to this port, grounded on Thomas Point, near Annapolis, on the night of the 18th March last, and arrived at Baltimore after the delay of a few days. During which time she is said to have been high and dry on said Point, and to have discharged her cargo, in whole or in part, to lighters employed by the owners and Captain for that purpose. A part of the cargo, said Brig, consisting of Dry Goods in Bales and Boxes, has not been delivered. The following are the marks of the boxes not delivered, and a Catalogue of their contents, viz:—

- 2 Pa. black Lasting 40 dozen
- 30 doz. K. Glover 40 men's shirts
- 3 do. H. S. do. 40 Colton Hats
- 3 do. Shawls 10 doz. do. do.
- 20 Pa. Seeded Mass-lins 3 do. blue Cloths
- 3 do. do. do.

One other marked (J. D.) or 334 a Case or Box containing 334

- 10 Pa. Barrege, 408 7 16 yards
- 4 do. Gros de Naps, 281 1 4 do.
- 4 do. do. do. 270 12 16 do.
- 5 dozen Craps Shawls. 1 doz.

One other marked—229 a Box or Case, containing 229

- 9 Pa. Bombazine, 540 yards.
- One other marked—873 a Box or Case, containing 873

- 150 Pa. 4. 4 Cambrics, 1900 yards.
- The 5 Cases or Boxes last mentioned may also be marked (Baltzell & Dalrymple) (Baltimore.)

Three Boxes Champagne Wine
One Bag of Oil
A Bundle of Books, and other Boxes—the marks of which are not known.

The above reward of \$100 will be given to any person or persons who will give such information as may lead to the discovery of the above specified Cases or Boxes and their contents, or a part thereof, proportioned to the amount of goods recovered, in consequence of such information, which may be communicated to Messrs. JARVIS & BROWN, No. 1—Market street.

Mr. JNO. W. BROWN, Smith's wharf, or to WILLIAM J. WARD, Esq. ATTORNEY AT LAW, N. W. corner of St. Paul's and Fayette streets, Baltimore, April, 1831.

May 12, 1831.

\$30 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber's Farm near Queen-Anne, Anne Arundel county, on Wednesday 27th inst. Negro man TOM, who calls himself

TOM RIDEOUT.

About twenty-eight years of age, five feet ten or eleven inches high, dark complexion, pleasant countenance, and rather down look when spoken to; he has a variety of clothing not recollected. Tom has a father living in Baltimore, by the name of Sam, belonging to Doctor Zollickoffer, who I am induced to think enticed him off in March last, as he was apprehended in Baltimore by Mr. Edmonson one of the police officers of that place. I will give fifteen dollars if taken in this country, and the above reward if taken out of the county, and all reasonable charges paid if secured so that I get him again.

The Frederick-Town Herald, and Baltimore American, will copy this and forward their accounts to the subscriber, living near Annapolis.

LEONARD IGLEHART.

April 28.

Union Bank of Maryland,

March 7, 1831.

NOTICE is hereby given, That in pursuance of a resolution of the Stockholders of this Bank, unanimously adopted at their general meeting in July last, the President and Directors have given instructions to the Officers of the Bank to receive special Deposits of Money to a limited amount, and to grant certificates for the same, payable sixty days after demand, with interest, at the rate of four per cent. per annum. R. MICKLE, Cashier.

April 14.

20 DOLLARS REWARD.

WILL be paid for the recovery of my NEGRO LAD, DORSEY, who has not been home since the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday. He is about eighteen years old and stout-made, of a dark complexion and distinguished by some peculiarity about his eyes, which do not resemble each other exactly. I suppose he has gone towards Washington or Annapolis. The above sum will be paid for securing him in any jail in the District, or Maryland, and notice given me.

ELIZABETH-OWIN.

Chaplin, St. Mary's county.

April 14.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscriber, hath obtained from the Orphans court of Saint Mary's county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Mary Fenwick, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, at or before the 10th day of March next, they may otherwise be barred from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of April 1831.

BENEDICT L. FENWICK, Adm'r.

April 21, 1831.

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVI. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1831. NO. 22

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

JONAS GREEN.

Church-Street, Annapolis.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

BASIL SHEPARD.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

HAS just returned from PHILADELPHIA and BALTIMORE, with a choice assortment of

GOODS.

Adapted to the season, of the latest and most approved patterns and colours consisting of

Broadcloths, Summer Cloth, Broshells, Princetta, Drilling, &c.

VESTINGS,

PIURED, PLAIN AND SILK

Materials for Pantalons, Silk Hosiery, Collars, Stocks, Suspenders,

He will dispose of any of those articles on the most reasonable terms, or make them up according to directions, in the most substantial and workmanlike style, and at the lowest prices. Grateful for past favours, he hopes to deserve a share of public patronage.

May 19.

CHANCERY SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the court of chancery the subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on Tuesday the 21st day of June next, at fair, if not the next fair day thereafter, at McCawley's Tavern, Elk Ridge landing, The Real Estate of Tobias R. Reynolds deceased, consisting of a tract or parcel of land called Cagle's Farm, and part of Walker's Inheritance, containing about 130 acres; also a tracter tract called "Poplar Spring Garden," containing about 321 acres; and part of a tract called Walker's Inheritance, containing about 50 acres, lying near Elk Ridge Landing, or Elkicut's Furnace. There is on these lands a number of choice fruit trees, and a great quantity of fine young timber, with good springs and streams of water.

TERMS OF SALE.

One half of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof, and the other half to be paid within 12 months from the day of sale, with interest, to be secured by bond with approved security. On the ratification of the sale, and payment of the purchase money, the subscriber is authorized to execute a deed. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

LOUIS BASSAWAY, Trustee.

May 26, 1831.

\$50 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber, a

scriber, in the Holydays, Negro man

DAZ,

without any provocation whatever. He is tolerably black, 32 or 33 years of age, about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, very square built, limps a little in his walk, (occasionally, as he states, by the bite of a snake,) hesitates a little before a reply when spoken to, also turning his head a little on one side, and then talks quite looking generally towards the ground. He is clothed in a black suit, with a black fur hat. Daz is an uncommon artful fellow, and is now making out a good tale to excuse himself from a charge.

He was bought of the late Chancellor John Don's estate in 1823, who had purchased him from the estate of Mr. Higgins, of Anne Arundel county. He has a very general acquaintance, especially in and about Annapolis and Baltimore has a brother named Sam, living with Mr. Oliver on Elk Ridge; as way probably places he will likely call on his way to Pennsylvania. I have reason to believe that he has obtained a forged pass of some sort, or carried with him either carpenter's or shoemaker's tools as a passport, he being a pretty good workman he will likely attempt to pass himself off as free and a mechanic.

The above reward will be given if taken over twenty-five miles from my residence, or twenty-five dollars for that distance or under, and secured in any jail so that I get him again.

BASIL D. MULLIKIN,

Living near the White Marsh, Prince George's county, Maryland.

May 25, 1831.

The Editors of the American, Baltimore; National Intelligencer, Washington; Citizen, Baltimore; York Intelligencer, Pa. to publish the above Star & forward their accounts to me through the Good Post Office, Prince George's county. B. D. MULLIKIN.

IN CHANCERY.

May 23d, 1831.

ORDERED. That the sale of the real estate of Edward Baldwin, male and reported by the trustee, Grafton B. Duval, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary before the 23d day of July next, provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks in some newspaper, before the 23d day of June next. The report states the amount of sales to be \$860 00

True copy

Test, RAMSAY WATERS.

Reg. Car. Can.

May 19.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my wife, Esther B. Berry, formerly Esther B. Smith, of Harford County, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forewarn any person or persons from dealing with or crediting her the said Esther B. Berry, on my account, as I am determined to pay no debt or debts, of her contracting from this date.

JEREMIAH BERRY.

Elk Ridge, A. D. County.

May 19.

HIRELINGS WANTED

FROM 20 to 30 able bodied COLOURED

MRN are wanted immediately at the Cape Sable Alum and Copper Works. Liberal wages will be paid semi-annually.

Apply to J. GREEN, Esq. Annapolis. Or to P. G. LECHETTER, at Cape Sable.

May 5.

ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY, SCT.

WHEREAS Abner Lumberton, Jun. late Collector of the Tax for Anne Arundel county, hath returned to the Commissioners for said county the following list of lands on which taxes are due for the year 1830, and on which there is no personal property to pay the same, to wit:—

Names of Persons Name of Lands, Amount of Taxes due.

James Anderson's heirs, Part of Duval's De-light and two other tracts names unknown 7 88

Deard and Glover, House and Lot in Annapolis, 4 88

William Cook, Swamp, 1 76

Richard Chew, House and Lot in Annapolis, 1 20

Lewis Duval, Tiedor Hall, 9 68

Rebecca Dulaney's heirs, 2 Houses and lots in Annapolis, 57

James Dunn, House and lot in Annapolis, 3

John Griffith, Part of Partnership, 4 94

Joseph Hood, Part of Finland, 45

John Howard, Part of the Rectory of rect, 6 49

John Hancock, House and lot in Annapolis, 3

Stephen Linthicum, Part of Holland's, 3

Hugh Lucas, Part of Holland's, 3 22

John P. Meekins, Part of Hasting, 2 43

Robert Murdoch's heirs, Harriet's Mount, 1 50

Thomas Morgan, House and Lot in Annapolis, 75

Mary O'Rourke, Part of Hammond's First Connection, 58

Elizabeth Purdy, Poplar Ridge, 570

Matthew Phelps, Part of Portland Manor, 75

Able Pocock, Part of First Discovery, 75

Abraham Pearce's heirs, Part of Addition to Timber Ridge, 1 88

Ridgely and Duval, Slade's Hope, 1 35

Charles Richards, Part of Mooreley's Choice and Body's Adventure Lot No. 3, 1 26

Nehemiah Rowles, Scott's Polly, Last Shift and Part of Addition to Timber Neck, 6 83

Benj. Seaton's heirs, Gowry Banks, 1 32

Richard Smith, Name unknown, 1 50

John Spradlin, Moore's Newmarket, 6 75

Philip Schwarz, House and lot in Annapolis, 1 50

Henry Trott, Seader's Delight, 1 38

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT unless the county charges aforesaid are paid within thirty days after the publication of this notice, that the said lands, or such parts thereof, as will be sufficient to pay the tax, and costs thereon, will be sold to the highest bidder, agreeably to the directions of the act of assembly, entitled, "An act for the more effectual collection of the county charges in the several counties of this State."

By order, Bushrod W. Harriott, Clk. Comm'r A. A. Co.

The Editors of the Maryland Republican, Annapolis, and American Baltimore, will publish the above once a week for four weeks and forward their accounts to the clerk to the Commissioners.

May 26, 1831.

BALTIMORE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

JNO. J. DONALDSON, President.

DIRECTORS.

Robert Oliver, W. W. Taylor, Joseph Todd, Edw. G. Woodley, Silas Marean, Benj. D. Higdon, John B. Morris, Saml. J. Donaldson.

GEORGE CARA GRUNDY, Secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

LINES.

I know nothing in the whole compass of poetry more wildly and naturally, and solemnly pathetic, than the following elegiac lines. They were written about the time of the reformation, on a daughter of the Lefei Maxwell, called by the peasantry, the Lily of Nibdale:

She's gone to dwell in heaven, my Lacie, She's gone to dwell in heaven!

Ye're owre pure, quoth the voice of God, For dwelling out o' heaven!

O what! she do in heaven my Lacie! O what! she do in heaven!

She'll mix her sin thoughts with angels' songs, And make them mar meet for heaven!

She was beloved by a, my Lacie, She was beloved by a!

But an angel fell in love with her, An' took her free us!

Low there thou lies, my Lacie, Low there thou lies!

An' a lovelier light it the house of heaven, Nor frae it will arise.

I looked on thy death cold face, my Lacie, I looked on thy death cold face!

Thou seemest a little new cut in the bud, An' failing in its place.

I looked on the death shroud, my Lacie, I looked on the death shroud!

An' a lovelier light it the house of heaven, Full time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my Lacie, Thy lips were ruddy and calm!

But gone was the holy breath of heaven, To sing the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, Lacie, There's naught but dust now mine!

My soul's woe it the could grace, An' why should I stay behind!

THE HURONS.

A CANADIAN TALE.

At the head of Lake Ontario a long, narrow strip of land separates its clear waters from a smaller expanse generally known as Burlington Bay. Along the northern part of the beach, as this strip is called, close under the residence of Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, a number of detached picturesque trees grow upon the sand, curiously festooned with gigantic vines, interwoven among their branches; and in the ground beneath, at short intervals, are many square artificial hollows, the remains of a fortified camp of a party of the Huron Indians, who resisted the original invasion of their hunting grounds, when the French first attempted to establish military posts in that remote wilderness.

At first sight it seems strange that the Hurons should have advanced so far to meet the enemies of their independence; but a cursory inspection of the map will serve to show that in taking this advanced position they were guided by a military eye of no common perspicuity. The country on their right and left was covered with a forest penetrable only by Indians; rude ascents and steep precipices rose in the midst of it, presenting a vast rampart of great extent against access from the low country.

It is evident, from the choice of their position, that the Hurons expected the French to arrive in boats and to prevent them from penetrating into Burlington Bay was, without doubt, the motive which induced them to prefer it. Whether they were ever attacked in that position is no longer remembered, but an adventure of a party of them during the time they were encamped at this place is not excelled by any of ancient heroism.

The French had in the meantime constructed Fort St. Louis at the mouth of the river Niagara at which the Indians became alarmed, and sent out a strong detachment who intrenched themselves on the rising ground of the opposite bank where Fort George is now situated.

In taking this new position, which evidently demonstrated courage and defiance, the Hurons did not sufficiently consider the superiority which the French possessed in their boats. It was easy at any time for the garrison at Fort St. Louis to attack the Indian intrenchments; but the Hurons had no engines capable of disturbing the embattled walls and sheltered quarters of their enemies. The few rude canoes which they had formed on the spot were unfit for warlike purposes.

What was wanting to these brave people in the machinery of war was supplied by their ingenuity; they employed their canoes in fishing, and the sentinels on the walls of the fortress were frequently found pierced with arrows. This annoyance from the canoes inflamed the garrison, and it was determined to dislodge the Indians.

The night appointed for the enterprise was at the change of the moon, when no light save that of the stars could shine upon the adventure.—The command was given to Chaveller La Porte, a young officer of aspiring bravery, and beloved by all the garrison. The boats belonging to the fortress were collected, torches were prepared, and grenades, together with many other instruments of combustion, to fire the stakes and fences of the Indian fortification. The enterprise was against warriors who were never known to have yielded.

The Hurons had no intelligence of these preparations; but their natural sagacity apprised them that they could not expect to remain long in their strong hold unmolested.—While their enemies were concerting the means of their destruction, they were no less active in augmenting their defence. In this crisis the incident took place which we have now to describe.

While the preparations for the expedition were going forward, the wife of La Porte was induced by the beauty of the weather to embark with the child for a sail under the walls of Fort St. Louis. The wind happened to blow strong from Lake Ontario, and she in consequence directed her pinnace to be rowed under the lee of the high banks, up the river. In the course of this little excursion the boat was drawn into one of the whirlpools; and though saved from the vortex by the dexterity of the rowers, was thrown over towards the Canadian shore, and captured by some Indians, who were fishing near the spot.

La Porte, on hearing of the misfortune of his lady and child, became impatient to rescue them, and to revenge the insults which he conceived his wife must have suffered.—Accordingly it was determined that the attack on the Indian camp should be made on that night, and soon after dark the troops were embarked. It was a gloomy night—the sky was overcast—the wind was gusty—the water of the lake was muddy and troubled—and the heavens and the earth were ominously darkened, as if fate frowned on the expedition. But, nevertheless, the gallant Frenchmen reached the Canadian shore and approached in silence towards the palisades of the Indian encampment.

The Hurons in the joy of having taken prisoner the wife of their most intrepid adversary, had spent the fore part of the evening in revelry and gladness; but tired of their feasting, when the French approached, were in a profound sleep, and dreadless of danger, were without their usual watch. But there was a faithful dog among them; and the soft footing of the enemy's advance could not be concealed from his vigilant ears. As they drew near he began to bark—at intervals; but his alarms gradually became louder and louder, until he had roused the Indians from the fatal slumber. While they were rallying, La Porte advanced his troops close to the palisades, and poured a shower of fire and lead through the apertures. The Indians, notwithstanding their surprise and confusion made a desperate resistance. They mounted their assigned posts and, with heroic resolution, defended themselves against their enemies, who having scaled the enclosures, advanced upon them sword in hand cutting down all who opposed their progress.

In the meantime, La Porte anxious to rescue his wife, frequently called her alone by name, and at last she heard his voice and replied with an exclamation of joy.

The Indians, on hearing this, believed she was the object of the enterprise, and formed a rampart around her, and the infant she held in her arms. The French attacked them with the animation peculiar to their character; but it was in vain. The Indians repulsed them with their spears, and raised a wall of the slain before themselves. La Porte, almost distracted, commanded the torches and combustibles to be lighted, and the wigwams in which the squaws and pappones of the Indians were lodged to be set on fire. The flames spread with appalling rapidity—the shrieks and screams of the burning victims pierced even the hearts of the infuriated Frenchmen; but the Indians stood in their places like adamant, with a constancy of purpose that the adventurers of European war have never surpassed. By the light of the flames the Indians were enabled to make a fearful retaliation—they bent their bows and drew arrows from their quivers, and the first shower of their shafts every arrow bore a bullet to the heart of an enemy. Another such desolating volley had destroyed the French, but at this crisis one of the Sachems, fixing his eyes on La Porte, called on his Indian companions to stay their arrows for a moment, and placing one on his own bowstring, he levelled it at the breast of the intrepid Frenchman.

The Sachem was standing at the time beside Madame La Porte, and from that circumstance he was protected from the muskets of the assailants. On both sides there was a pause—the fate of La Porte seemed inevitable—when his lady, with the utmost presence of mind, as the bow was drawn to its full bent, snatched a burning brand, and dashed it at the head of the Sachem—the arrow dropped harmless at his feet, the French raised a shout—La Porte rushed on the Sachem, and sabred him to the ground. This decided the contest for a time. The Indians made no further resistance, but fled the encampment and abandoned all to their enemies.

Here the curious sagacity of the Indians in this desperate condition of their affairs, showed itself. On escaping from the entrenchment of their camp, instead of scattering themselves, they all instinctively ran, as if they had been directed by a command, to the spot where the boats of their enemies were lying, and cut them adrift. They then planted themselves under the bank, and, with bent bows and fixed arrows, waited the return of the French.—La Porte, when he found their camp abandoned, mustered his men, and led them back to where they had left the boats, with the intention of re-embarking. The French drew near, and went straight to the bark; those who were foremost gave the alarm that the boats were gone. In the same moment a shower of Indian arrows made dreadful havoc among them: La Porte was standing with his wife and her child leaning on his arm, when this terrible ambuscade suddenly burst upon his men. But possessed by that presence of mind which qualified him

to undertake the difficult enterprise in which he was engaged, he directed his wife to lay down her child; and calling to such of the soldiers as had torches and combustibles, to light them and to plant them immediately on the ground, he charged the Indians in their lurking places under the bank, and before many of them could escape he was their master again. The contest was now equal. The Indians however rallied on the top of the bank, and torches illuminating the shore, enabled them to take perfect aim at the French. La Porte though he escaped himself, saw with dreadful feeling, his men falling around him one by one.

By this time the garrison of Fort St. Louis, anxious spectators, had discerned by the lights on the shore that the boats were thrown adrift, and justly apprehending from that circumstance that their comrades had the worst of the conflict, manned the two or three boats which remained at the garrison, and went to their assistance.—They arrived at the critical moment when the Chevalier La Porte and his few remaining companions were exhausted with fatigue and their ammunition nearly expended. The reinforcements cheered the French and dismayed the Indians, who nevertheless, with the constancy of their fearless nature, maintained themselves upon the top of the bank; and the heavens having by this time cleared up, their tall forms, darkly seen by starlight presented conspicuous targets, as it were, to the aims of the French; thus, in their turn, they fell as fast as the soldiers of La Porte, whom they had so nearly destroyed. Victory being now decidedly with the French, La Porte was anxious to re-embark his few remaining men; but as the Indians stood firm, the honour of the French would not permit them to listen to prudent counsels, and with one voice they declared their determination not to retreat.

In the mean time Madame La Porte, who with her child had continued lying on the ground, to escape the arrows of the Indians, during a short pause in the battle, raised herself, holding her child in her arms, to see the aspect of the conflict; while in this position she was discovered by an Indian, and almost at the same moment the infant was pierced with an arrow.—She felt him shudder; and then he was dead; but she clung to the lifeless body, and again stretched herself on the ground.

At this moment La Porte seeing the firmness of the Indians was not to be overcome by attacking them in front, despatched a few of his men under the bank of the river to attack them in the rear. This manoeuvre was successful.—The Indians, finding themselves between two fires, uttered a wild shout and again fled; but it was not the flight of defeat. They rallied in the darkness, and before the French could catch them, they were descending to the landing place, through a narrow path which wound through the bushes towards the bank where the boats lay. Here they found Madame La Porte lying on the ground, still embracing her lifeless infant; and one of them was on the point of despatching her with his tomahawk. It happened however, that among the French who had fallen, there was one who, though severely wounded, was able to use his right arm, with which he grasped his sword. Seeing the peril of the lady, at the same moment the Huron raised the tomahawk the wounded man, with a desperate effort, plunged his sword into the heart of the savage. By the exertion he in the same moment expired.

During this conflict on the shore, La Porte who had hurried up the steep bank with his men in quest of the fugitive Indians not finding them, returned to re-embark, satisfied with the victory; but when he again reached the top of the bank, and saw by the gleam of the morning, which now began to dapple the east, the Indians in possession of the boats and the landing place, with his lady bestruck with blood, he was for a moment struck with consternation; it was, however, only for a moment. The undaunted courage, the bold expedients with which the unconquerable Hurons had fought and circumvented him fired his French emulation, and determined him not to leave the field while a single Indian remained. A few words told this resolution to his men. They shared his pride and spirits, and with a unanimous voice they cried as if inspired simultaneously by the same instinct, "Let each take his man!" and rushed down upon the Indians, of whom as many as there were Frenchmen almost in the same instant fell beneath their swords.

Only three of these determined warriors now remained. Yet these three stood as resolute in stern sublimity as if they were still surrounded by their heroic companions. They fixed their arrows to their bowstrings, and were on the point of taking aim, when two of them were pierced with as many bullets. Such unsurpassed heroism moved the admiration of all the French, and La Porte ordered the last warrior to be spared. But the Huron would not accept the boon. His arrow was ready in the bow; he raised it to his aim, and it quivered through the heart of La Porte. He himself sunk at the same time under the sword of a Frenchman who had been enough to inflict a blow.

So ended this intrepid adventure. The bodies of La Porte and his child were placed in one of the boats, and with Madame La Porte were slowly conveyed to the garrison. The bodies of the slain were next morning buried by the French where they lay.